

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sacred prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalm'd it with sighs.
Not a tie will break, not a link will sever,
Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Would ye learn the spell—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with listening ears;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never beside,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide,
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost weep'd when she smiled,
And turn'd from her side to kiss her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was snatched; my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With culvering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not lose
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—ELIZA COOL.

"Old Star Nose, the Rainbow"

By LEVI T. PENNINGTON.

It was in the almost icy waters of the Boardmans that "Old Star Nose" was first seen. Fed by perennial springs, from its source among the pine-clad hills and glassy lakes far to the southeast of the Hogsback, to its entrance into Grand Traverse Bay, the Boardmans is the ideal stream for all the aristocratic trout, fontinalis, Loch Leven, brown, steelhead and landlocked salmon, but especially for the rainbow, king of them all.

And Old Star Nose was king of all this race of kings in those northern waters. Other fine ones had been caught thereabout. Rafferty had landed one of eight and three-fourths pounds, eclipsing the achievement of Beckwith, whose seven-pounder had been a record-breaker. Then Engleman, at the power-house, had speared one, incurring the lasting enmity of all law-abiding anglers, but raising the rainbow record to ten pounds. Then Havens and Moxie had caught with their hands the twelve-pounder in Atme Creek, the big fish being stranded in the little stream, and unable to get either up or down. The one found dead in Boardman's Lake, poisoned by an "embalmed" minnow, was still larger.

But when Old Star Nose appeared, it was evident that he was the largest rainbow-trout ever seen in that region. He came into the river just at the foot of the chute below the grist-mill, and in plain view of the crowds that passed over the Union Street bridge, as he swam in the clear deep waters alongside the lower end of the chute, then out over the sand bar and round the big eddy, which brought him right under the bridge, then down through the deep water again. He was in company with two smaller fish, that would have seemed monsters had they not been with him. They were female fish that had probably come up the river to spawn, and been stopped by the high dam.

By the hundreds who saw him day after day the big fish soon came to be called Old Star Nose, on account of the large white spot on his head in front, a scar evidently made by a spear.

Needless to say, in this land of fishermen the coming of such a fish was attended by no little excitement, and before the day in which he made his appearance was half gone Union Street bridge on the west side was occupied by a good-sized crowd of fishermen and fish-admirers. While they stood gazing, Bert Winnan appeared on the south side of the river below the bridge with his long, split bamboo rod and landing-net.

Winnan was the king of all the fishermen of the north, not an artistic angler merely, but a catcher of all kinds of fish with all kinds of baits. With lures, flies, spoons, "whooperinoes," live bait, cut bait, with anything that any fish would bite, he fished—and caught the fish, too. When he appeared, the remark went round, "If Winnan can't get him, there's no use trying."

But Winnan did not get him. Of course it was not the best time of day, but flies, dull and bright, sober and gay in color, singly and in pairs and flocks, large, medium and small, were made to dance before, behind and beside Old Star Nose, in the open water, near the weeds that fringed the sand-bar, within an inch of the side of the chute, as if they had just fallen from the timbers—all this done with artistic precision, with a sixty-foot cast, till it was evident that Old Star Nose was not in the mood to take a fly.

Then Bert tried bait. Live minnows were cleverly played about the monster fish, but he would not look at them. Worms affected him no more than minnows. A "mudler" failed to tempt him. A white wood-grub was not noticed. A hellgrammite failed utter-

ed securely to an O'Shaughnessy hook, hand-forged, spear-pointed, especially strong, but not wide in the bend. On this hook he made a Royal Coachman fly. He always tied his own flies, but he gave special care to this one, and it was a beauty. He had one hundred yards of good line, and a good rod, reel and landing-net.

That night Winnan hooked Old Star Nose again, and had another leader cut off, apparently by the big trout's frantic dive under the chute.

Late the next night Stewart visited the river below Union Street bridge. The two fishermen who had been vainly trying to hook the big trout had gone home. Stewart stretched a silk thread from the chute to the shore, just above the water, on which his steel leader might fall without making a splash to disturb the big fish. Then he returned to his home, but not to sleep, although he tried hard. His feverish desire to be at the river would not let him even doze.

Long before the first faint streak of dawn he was out of the house and on his way.

He crept down the chute to the broad place at the foot of one of the two main piers, and there in the chill of the early morning he crouched and waited. The dew seemed to settle all over him. It was very lonely, the more so because the bridge was so crowded with people during the day. He had no timepiece, and it seemed to him that he waited many hours before he could be sure that day was really beginning to dawn.

All this time his eyes had constantly sought the river, and his ear had been listening for sounds from the water. Before he could make out the outlines of the lower end of the chute he had heard a splash that had made him almost leap to his feet. As soon as he had time to think, he knew that it was the sound of a stray mink or muskrat. It was certainly not the splash of a rising trout.

As dawn drew near, however, his straining eyes detected a break in the water about forty feet below him. As he waited and watched he became more and more convinced that Old Star Nose was feeding. But he dared not try a cast yet. It was not light enough. In a fever of expectancy he waited. There was no chilliness now. He seemed fairly on fire.

By and by, after what seemed to him more hours of waiting, he prepared to make a cast. Carefully he rose, swung his fly clear, let out the line silently, and set the "click" on the reel. The rod swayed and swung on the line forward, back under the dark arch of the bridge, then out far to the front. The line straightened, then dropped lightly, the guitar string falling upon the silken thread and not touching the water. The fly seemed to flutter an instant, then dropped lightly upon the water just as a step was heard on the bridge. It was Bert Winnan. He had seen the cast.

And he saw what followed. The fly had scarcely touched the water when there was a break in the surface, a broad side turned over, showing a deep colored strip, and Stewart struck—struck as if for his life, and drove the hook deep into the jaw of the monster fish.

The silk thread snapped and was out of the way. There was a pause of a fraction of a second. Then the reel began to sing as Old Star Nose made a wild rush and threw himself high into the air, shaking his great body from side to side in a vain effort to throw from his mouth the hook. Down he came, with a great splash, into the water, to leap again and again into the air; but in vain. The hook held.

Winnan saw this much, dropped his tackle, and rushed to a livery-stable near at hand. He called up the younger Garver by telephone, and when that gentleman got the receiver to his ear he heard:

"Young Wight has Old Star Nose hooked hard!"

That was all, for Winnan ran back to the bridge. But it was enough. Garver called his brother next door, and his wife, who was an angler herself, telephone dthe news to McDonald, Langley and Fletcher. The men at the livery-stable had spread the word, and within fifteen minutes the bridge held a crowd that was being increased every moment.

Meanwhile there had been a wild time below the bridge. Stewart had been all aquiver when he made the cast, and the sight of the fish when he made his first leap almost paralyzed his hand. But then upon him had settled a strange calmness, a calmness that left him free of nervousness but full of nerve, with clear brain, keen eye and steady hand. He had need of all.

Unable to shake the hook from his jaws, Old Star Nose tried sounding. Under the chute he went, headed straight for the place where the old snow-plow had sunk. Stewart was powerless to stop him, and he felt his steel leader strike the saw teeth, and held taut by the strain he was putting on the rod, slip over one saw tooth—another, another. But the guitar string was not to be cut.

Then the fish came out with a rush that, in spite of Stewart's vigilance and quickness, narrowly missed giving him slack line. Again and again, with lightning-like rapidity, he leaped

into the air, then started down-stream with such speed that Stewart's reel fairly screamed as the line ran out. He put on more and more pressure as the size of the roll of line on his "spool" became smaller and smaller. Still the fish was unchecked. He put on the drag, and at last, with less than ten yards of line left on the reel, the line went slack.

A novice would have thought that the fish was off, but Stewart was no novice. He reeled in with frantic haste. It was as he had supposed. The fish had turned and was coming upstream. He had recovered little more than half his line when another rush beat down the point of the rod; and had he been less quick in getting his hand off the reel handle, the line or hook would have broken when the great trout got the straight pull, with the momentum to back his fierce strength. But he did not get the straight pull. The reel was free and singing again as the line ran out.

Again the monster was turned, again he headed upstream, but not straight up this time. He rushed from side to side, seeking some place in which he might foul the line and get a chance to use his strength without the spring of the rod to baffle him. But in this he failed. The line held clear, and again he was in the deep pool below the chute, making the water fairly boil with his struggles.

He made a rush toward the reeds across the sand-bar, but the strain on his jaw—Stewart got a side pull on him here—turned him toward the clear water. Round and round the fight went, rush following rush, every possible foot of line being gained by Stewart, who kept the strain on the fish as strong as he dared. Whenever a rush was made, the pull of the rod retarded it, turned it out of its course, and headed the fish back toward the deep open water below the bridge. But for half an hour it was impossible to detect any considerable diminution in the fierceness, speed, strength or cunning of the fight that Old Star Nose was making before a bridge full now of spectators, who watched with breathless interest the work of the young fisherman.

But after half an hour the ruckus of the big trout began to show less strength. He was more easily turned, his leaps were not so high, his movements were less quick. Stewart forced the fighting, and after fifteen minutes more the king of trout seemed nearly exhausted, and presently was being reeled up alongside the chute, where Winnan was waiting, net in hand. Long since he had taken his place back of Stewart, but had refrained from giving him a word of advice, "because," as he afterward said, "he didn't need it."

When Old Star Nose was drawn near the chute, however, he seemed for the first time to see the fishermen, and for a time his struggles rivaled, if they did not exceed in fierceness and speed, his first desperate effort. Soon he was reeled alongside the chute, although again and again he made feeble and yet more feeble rushes; and at last Winnan netted him, "though Wight could have done it just as well," he afterward remarked.

When Old Star Nose was safe in the net, such a cheer went up from the spectators on the bridge as the town had never heard before.

Stewart felt strangely weak, and wanted to sit down somewhere. But Winnan led him along the chute to the dam, and round by the grist-mill, where the crowd awaited him.

That is about all. The fish weighed an ounce over fifteen pounds, and weighs more now, for he swims in the big aquarium at the park. And if you want to learn more of this story, ask S. E. Wight, secretary of the Mulligan-Hamilton Company. You will find him in the office.—From The Youth's Companion.

Life on Mars.

Not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way, is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self-centred position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this depressing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmopolitan breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extra-mundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.—Prof. Lowell in the Century.

"Yeggman."

The etymology of yeggman is uncertain. Some persons assert that the term owes its origin to one John Yegg, a leader of a gang of thieves.

Siberia, long regarded as a barren country, is now producing a great deal of foodstuffs.

TITLE OF PRINCE FOR DESCENDANTS OF SLAVE

Emperor Francis Joseph to Raise Counts Potocky by an Edict—Ancestor Sold by Turk

The descendants of a Greek-Turkish slave girl, the Counts Potocky, will be raised to the princely dignity by Emperor Francis Joseph. The first to bear the princely title will be Count Roman Potocky, and to this Emperor Francis Joseph will add the qualification of the royal prerogative, so called, which means that Prince Potocky and his successors will be eligible to marrying into royal houses.

Count Roman is a direct descendant of a Greek-Turkish slave girl, whose extraordinary beauty, admired by Czar Alexander I. and by the first Napoleon, is preserved by an unsigned portrait hanging in the royal gallery at Berlin.

The original of the portrait was discovered about the time of the French Revolution by the then Russian ambassador in Constantinople. In one of the bazaars he saw a handsome slave girl of the Greek type. She was about fifteen years old and had just come to the Turkish capital, having been captured at Corfu by Moslem pirates. The ambassador bought her and sent her to St. Petersburg as a present to the Empress, the great Catherine. Catherine had the girl educated and later on gave her to Count Potocky, who was in the Austrian diplomatic service and accredited at her court.

Count Potocky sent the former slave girl to Paris to finish her education, and later married her.

From this slave girl, whose history reads like a romance, the new Princes Potocky are descended.

WISE WORDS.

It is not at all necessary for a tutor to blow his own horn.

Even the porch climber has an ambition to rise in the world.

Remembering her birthdays enables a woman to forget her age.

The experience we get for nothing is worth just about what it costs.

Charity begins at home, and so, unfortunately, does the lack of it.

Even when a man feels that he can no longer count on his friends he can count on his fingers.

"The automobile must go!" exclaims a rural exchange. Sure, brother. It isn't worth much if it doesn't.

The easier the job the harder to get it.

High living isn't always conducive to the higher life.

Lots of animals multiply very rapidly, but the snake is the only adder.

Age brings wisdom, but the trouble is it doesn't leave us much time to use it.

"Suites to the sweet," murmured the hotel clerk as he assigned the newly married couple to the bridal suite.

It isn't always the stilted man who refuses to be downed.

Look out for the fellow whose record will bear looking into.

Shooting folly as it flies is about the only aim some people seem to have in life.

Some men are so attentive to their wives that you might think they weren't married.

When a mother gives up all hope of making a match for her daughter, would you call the girl matchless?

A fish out of water must be about as uncomfortable as a woman at a ball game or a man at a millinery opening.—Philadelphia Record.

Competition For Engaged Couples.

Nearly a hundred engaged couples took part in a novel shooting competition which has just concluded at Argoville. The competition was limited to lovers who were engaged and willing to be married as soon as possible. The distances were 300, 500 and 1000 meters, and the scores of each pair were added together.

The prizes were a complete marriage trousseau for the woman and £40 for the man. The winners were a young man named Glauser and his fiancée, Louise Mathys, aged nineteen. They will be married on Sunday.—London Express.

Singers at the White House.

Max Winter, in an account of the visit of the Brooklyn Arion Society to the White House recently, says that the society was more highly honored than the Vienna singers who made a visit there last year. One additional song was asked from the foreigners after their program had been finished, but three more were asked of the Brooklyn singers. The President said that he had never experienced so much pleasure in listening to German songs, and he knew that if the Arion did as well on their forthcoming visit to the fatherland their friends in the old world would be equally well pleased.